

A
Congratulatory POEM
 TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir WILLIAM PRITCHARD.
 Lord Mayor of the City of London.

IN that great Train which loudly does rehearse
 Your just *Encomiums* in Lofly Verfe;
 Whose every Line the *Lauriat* does shake,
 And of a Faculty a trade wou'd make:
 'Mongst these my Lord, that for such *treasures* hope
 Give your poor *Scribler* leave to *Interlope*:
 Admit that Humble Muse, that never knew
 To couple Verfe, till now Inspir'd by you.
 To say, my Lord, that you, it Fate should frown
 Must be the *Genius* to Preserve this Town;
 And none so fit to Bless the City Throne,
 Except brave Loyal *Moor*, might still Reign on.
 Hail then, thou City Monarch! may thy Reign
 With Peace and Plenty, all the Land maintain.
 Observe how all along the Streets the Crowd
 With Joyful Sounds, does Welcome in their Lord;
 When on the *Thames*, how all along the Shore,
 'Twas hard to say, who did express it more,
 Or whether Men or Cannons that did Roar.
Cesar Himself and Royal *York* are come,
 And all the Court, to bid you Welcome Home:
 Your *Pageants*, *Whiffers*, and *Oxilaries*,
 They come on Courfe, and your *Artillery*,
 But *Cesar* came to Grace your *Loyalty*.
 The Giddy Rabble that Illeterate *Beast*,
 Who Factionous Traytors had with fear possest;
 Convincing *Time* in spight of *Whining Zoa*,
 Has shewn the *Blessing* of a *Common-Weal*;
 That they'r designs tho' ne'r so Meekly drest,
 Was only *Mutiny* for *Interest*;
 That *Long-ear'd* Rout, and their *Achittophel*,
 That think it Sin to Live and not Rebell:

Those Pious Elders, that *Jenæva* Rabble,
 That hop, once more, to make old *Pauls* a Stable;
 Or rather see her in her *Ashes* lye,
 Then hea in Her the true *Episcopie*:
 Besides, she is too Great, the Charge Profuse,
 They could Convert her into better Use.
 These, my good Lord, your *Predecessor* found,
 To be the *Insects* Barren'd all the Ground;
 And with that *Sword* which now is in your Hand,
 He strove to Weed out from our Fertile Land:
 But Old *Achittophel*, that Reverend *Bard*,
 Whom Heaven intended Man and Nature Mar'd
 With *Treats*, and something else, I dare not say,
 I think 'twas *Treason*; bore a part away.
 But he has set his House in Order now,
 And is gone down in Order thereunto —
 Assist you Powers, and tye the *Damons* up,
 For should they find him they would cut the *Rope*:
 He's for their work on Earth, they understand,
 And what can signifie one *Fire-Brand*?

My Lord, I Blush at my *Impertinence*,
 Yet thus far I dare plead my own Defence;
 That did you know, the Man that Fate has spent
 In Tragick Scenes, that little Fortune lent;
 You would not have him praise the *Instrument*.
 I wish your Lordship many Years of Bliss,
 A *Jubilee* of Days, and all like this;
 That each Propitious *Star* may be your Guide,
 That Fair-ey'd *Truth* may never be deny'd;
 That when you quit your trust, you'll find a Brother,
 To King, to Church, and State, just such another.

F I N I S.